sulphate of copper, commonly called blue vitriol, and water of ammonia. Plain bi-

thromate of potash in water forms the

of turpentine, and lilac is the re-sult of a mixture of crude oxide of cobalt

Of course, all sorts of combinations of

for his bottles. They are an important

item in the equipment of his store."-

Feeling in Amputated Limbs.

New York Evening Sun.

a comfortable position."

Cor. Detroit Free Press.

pianos, etc.

Another instance was where a boy

tightly, and that they had gone to sle

in that position and were annoying him

production being valued at from 32,000,

country. Even that, however, is a large

amount, and does credit to the musical

taste and education of the German people

Although complaints are being generally

made that the piano trade has now reached

its climax, and that even a decline is visi-

for this kind being greater than formerly.

In Berlin there are about 200 plano manu-

The colonial method of dividing the

lots of land into long narrow ribbons is

still followed throughout the province. The houses all stand along the roads as

beads on a string, with the church for a

crucifix and uniting point. The settle-ment once formed, the next step is to make it into a parish and endow it with a

church, the life and soul of this system of

civilization. The church is well named

the people's palace, for quite independ-

ently of the deep religious comfort it brings to them, it gives these peasants their only eight of material beauty and

art, their only taste of intellectual life. The settlers soon wish to replace the rude

log chapel with something more imposing and ornate, and possess the permanent satisfaction of a resident priest.—C. H. Farnham in Harper's Magazine.

Most famous people interred in the West Point cemetery have well marked graves, and

not a few have elaborate memorials. Gen. Winfield Scott lies here. His monument is a

rough grantee cenotaph that lies flat upon the ground and is surrounded by an iron rail-ing that ought to be removed, or, better yet, ought never to have been placed here. The

inscription covers the entire north side of the

huge cenotaph, and recounts the services of

the old warrior, concluding with the observa-tion that a laudatory inscription is unneces-sary, because the deeds of Scott are engraven

Beneath a cenotaph almost exactly like that of Gen. Scott's lie the remains of Col.

Anderson, who commanded at Fort Sumter when it was arst fired upon. Col. Anderson

lived until some years after the close of the war, dying at last in Italy, from whence his remains were brought to West Point for in-

terment. The cenotaph is just across the

Nearly in the center of the plot is interred

the body of George A. Custer. His monu

the body of George A. Custer. His monu-ment is a hinge block of rough granite, a dozen or so feet in beight. The top is per-fectly plate, but upon the sides are four bronzs medallions, circular in shape, and bearing appropriate inscriptions. Two of them recount his family bistory and the tragic manner of Custer's death in the battle of Little Rig Horn, and the other two are symbolic, buffalo heads, Indian arrows and maire being prominent.

maize being prominent.
Other famous soldiers interred here are Gen. Audenreid, Gen. Judson Kilpatrick and

upon the memories of mankind.

York Commercial Advertiser.

many's manufacture remains in



THE DIVINE POET.

Whatever lacks purpose is evil; a pool without pebbles breeds slime; Not any one step hath chance fashioned on the infinite stairway of time; Nor ever came good without labor, in toil, or in It must be wrought out through the muscles, born out of the soul and the heart.

Why plow in the stubble with plowshares, why winnow the chaff from the grain!
Ah, since all of His gifts must be toiled for, since truth is not born without pain!
He gireth not to the unworthy, the weak or the

foolish in deeds; Who giveth but chaff at the seed time shall resp As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His

whirlwinds to nought, So the song without truth is forgotten; His poem is man to man's thought. Whatever is strong with a purpose, in humbleness

woven, soul pure,
Is known to the Master of Singers. He toucheth
it, saying, "Endure."

—Charles J. O'Malley in Boston Post.

THE HOSPITAL GIRL.

AN INTERESTING INSIGHT INTO HER RESPONSIBLE DUTIES.

Alone All Night in a Gloomy Ward with a Score or More of Sick and Dying Patients-The Clang of the Ambulance

At the end of three months the novice is put on night duty in either the medical or surgical ward, and then it is that all the heroism and courage of her nature is called into action. One nurso is put in charge of two wards, each containing, when twenty patients. The lights are turned down until a dusky silence hovers over the white cots. In the surgical word the doctor leaves his orders, often supplemented by the infor mation that a patient in one ward has just passed through a severe operation, there is danger of hemorrhage, and the nurse must not leave her alone. Perhaps in the other ward a patient is very low. The doctor says she must be watched constantly, for she is liable to die at any moment. Then he goes away, and the young girl filts about in the gloom from cut to cut, administering medi-cines and treatment, burrying from the side of one sufferer to the other, half fearful to gaze into the quiet face lest it be already still in death; afraid the dangerously ill pa-tient in one ward will die while she goes to see the dying sufferer in the other.

Suddenly the dread clang that all nurses

fear with a nameless borror strikes upon her ear through the dreadful stillness. It draws earer and nearer, and stops at the doorway. Every nurse knows the portent of the ambulance bell. Every nurse fears the arrival of some new patient if there is an empty cot in Then comes the sound of slow, measured footstops drawing nearer and nearer, and she files to make ready the empty cot, only hoping no one will die while she is engaged with the new comer. The men come in with the stretcher and deposit its burden on the bed. The nurse washes the blood from the wounds, if there be any; much as possible, and, if very serious, calls the doctor. If only a cut needing a few stitches and careful bandaging, the nurse per-forms the operation herself; bathes her patient and makes her comfortable, and then hurries back, perhaps to witness for the first time the last struggle of a dying person.

When the last shuddering sigh falls from the stiffening lips, the brave girl alone in the gloomy ward closes the eyes, folds the lifes hands, and taking down the card bearing the name of the dead from over the bed, hurries down through the long dim corridors to tell the orderly to propare for the burint. If the patient be heavy, the nurse calls the helper, a woman from prison, one of which is kept to do the cleaning in each ward, and together they "do up the corpse," as it is called in the hospital. If, on the other hand, the dead woman is slender, the nurse bathes and shrouds her alone, all of which must be twenty-five to thirty-nine moters, and in few accomplished within an hourafter her death. Then the men enter with the box and she is borne cut, the nurse throws the bedding out weight will amount to 2,000,000 tons, and it on the fire escape and returns to her duties. Many a girl has met her first experience of this kind alone in the dim wards of the hospital late at night, for deaths are likely to occur between the hours of 12 and 5 a. m., when vitality is at a low ebb.

A person who has watched at night by the bedside of one who is very ill can have a faint notion of the responsibility of a person in charge of forty patients in various degrees of danger. A young woman who had known nothing of sickness and little of work relates one night's experience when an elderly woman was apparently dying in great distress and required constant attention. In the cot adjoining lay another patient, who, ing terribly, and who had, as the nurse expressed it, "more things the matter with her then any one ever had before or since." The nurse had pulled the screens up around the on's hed and was administering such alleviating remedies as lay in her power, when she suddenly heard a great disturbance in the adjoining ward, and hastening there found an immense fat woman, crazy with fever, promenading up and down the ward, making havoc with everything movable. Coaxing, commanding and assisting her, she was fluxly settled in bed again, but as the nurse bent over her dying patient the same ion was heard in the other ward again, and she went back, and after coaxing an into her cot, she tied her feet to the iron bars at the foot of the bed. Once more she hurried to the other ward only to find one patient writhing in pain, the other with elenched hands tossing in the death struggle. As the quivering features calmed to peacefulness and the grouns were bushed fat woman on the floor, with her feet still tied to the bed. By the help of all the force in the ward she was lifted to her the bed. strapped down to the bed, and in the gray light of the dawn the dead woman was prepared for her burial, while the living mouned

In another cot a perfect specimen of womanhood lay dying. The ductors, with mis-directed zeal, had prolonged her agony by the operation of tracheotomy, and she struggling with death in all the freshness and strength of her early womanhood. There had been another fire horror, and to save her children she had dashed backed into the burning building, inhaling heat and smoke that had injured her internally post all re-covery. The round curving limbs were like sculptured marble, majestic in their white beauty; the sweet, fair lace was unscorched flames and unfaded by disease; the white statuesque arms were tossed above her head in agony. Just as she gave her last spasmodic shiver the little babe she had saved the first time it had spoken since it was brought there, and with a smile the mother reached out her hands toward the voice, and was deed. The nurses wept softly as they was dead. The nurses wept softly as they bathed the beautiful form, though they are ed to death it has little terror or

sorrow for them. One nurse who has been practicing her prolession for some time says she doesn't believe even now that she could go back to the hospital and live through those night watches again, though she loves her work and feels all its responsibility and sacredness. Many of the nurses, however, love their hespital work with a strange fascination, and either accept situations in other hospitals when they graduate or obtain some salaried place in their pwn. The orderly, systematic routine, the coffee

precise automatic regularity of the hospital service, the constant attendance of the phy-sicians, the convenience of arrangements and the society of the nurses, together with an infatuation for the excitement of new cases, and the universal love and gratitude of the patients, endears hospital life to them. What the college is to the physician the training school is to the nurse, and as only through the ghastly horrors of the dissecting room is an accurate surgical knowledge obtained, so is it only through the experiences of the hospital wards the nurses fearn the strength, courage, skill, self reliance and patience requisite for the exigencies and emergencies of their chosen occupations.—New York Sun. and the society of the nurses, together with

THE SENSETOF SMELL

Concerning Its Development in the Beast of the Field.

Apparently developed in a much greater degree than that of borses is the scent wer of cattle. Most animals seem to identify their young by their smell. The barbar ous custom still provails throughout the country of placing the hide of a butchered calf before its mother to stop her mournful lowing. It would be rating human acumen rather high to suppose that a mother could recognize her baby by its skin, yet a cow will identify the bloody relic of her offspring and instantly cease her noisy grief. Yard fed cattle nose their hay filled racks and bins, and from the many varieties of dried fodder select only such as will please their palates and nourish their bodies.

Cows eat many kinds of fungi-the common puffball when young, mushrooms, fairy ring champignen, and some wood growing tendstools, by which their milk is much affected; but by far the greater number they pass untouched with a contemptuous snift. The pig, from the well known and proverbial length of its combination nose, would country well by traveling through it, stopnaturally be expected to have en-ping at the best hotels, visiting all points of larged olfactory sense, and so it has interest, taking careful notes by pen and When its omnivorous appetite is con-brush of all worth recording, but it is quite sidered, and it is remembered that it seeks another experience and fully as interesting the greater part of its food by plowing to live among its people as one of themselves under the surface of the ground to obtain it, where it cannot see and must detect it by the process of smelling before it can get it to its by, and that they need not adapt themselves mouth to taste it, its discernment of the to any stranger's custom or fancy. This edible and non-edible from the countiess latter has been my good luck to experience, things its nose encounters is, to say the and I can truthfully say that there are no least, highly complimentary to that much cleaner, more hospitable, kind hearted, dolerided organ. It is said that "learned pigs" they are worthy of capitals are first trained I mention "cleaner" first because with them to their card playing accomplishments by placing grains of corn under such cards as Dutch woman in a world where there is no they are afterward by signs instructed to

The ground mole, with fur covered eyes, terranean groping by its long, delicately con-structed nostrils. Sheep are even more dainty than cattle in selecting their nourishment, and, like all other animals, depend almost entirely upon the sense of smell. Lambs, after a long separation from their mothers, will seek them out in a large herd. But exare auxiliary to scent in some cases, as lambs furt, and again dust.

Often the undersore after the latter have been shorn .- New York

Bridging the English Channel.

The scheme of constructing a bridge over the English channel has just been completed. It has been worked out by the Creusot engineers and M. Hersent, ex-president of the Society of Civil Engineers. The progress of metallurgy makes the construction p of an immense bridge, thirty kilometers long, with a platform at the height of fifty meters above the sea at full tide, and supported by piles at distances of 500 maters. The height allowed for the bridge over the channel would allow large steamers and sailing ves-sels to pass freely. It would support four railway lines, besides a road for carringes and footpaths. This will be satisfactory for those who dread sea sickness. The only trouble left them will be that of choosing their mode of locomotion-whether by rail-way carriage, omnibus, cab or velocipede. Places of refuge, watch houses and alarm bells will be placed on each pile, with a powerful light.

The authors of this gigantic scheme believe that the foundations may be constructed by means of compressed air diving bells, the depth of the strait between Calais and Dover not being, on an average, more than from places exceeding fifty meters. The bridge will cost 800,000,000 france, its metallic might be constructed in six years. The scheme will shortly be submitted for examination to an international technical commit-When this examination has been completed, the Channel Bridge society will apply for a concession to the French and English governments, from which it will ask for no subsidy. Under these conditions the concession might be easily granted and the work immediately begun. In a few years the commerce of the two nations would benefit from the simplification introduced into their relations by the execution of a work which might be considered as one of the most important of the century .- Paris Temps.

Tobacco a Cure for Oreup. Although Dr. S. Leavitt, professor of Hahnemann college, does not use tobacco in any form, he is never without a small packof it is this: A gentleman of the doctor's acquaintance told him how he had saved his child's life after all the doctors had given her She had membraneous croup, and while the mother, from sheer exhaustion, had lain down for a few moments' rest, the father sat by the child. The hard, difficult breathing of the little one, growing fainter and feinter as the throat clogged up, was torture to the father. Everything in the way of emeites had been used, but without effect, but suddenly an idea struck the nearly distracted father. He remembered how deathly sick he was the first time he chewed tobahaving a cud in his mouth, without thinking twice he opened the child's mouth and placed

The father knew it was a desperate act, and he waited in terrible suspense for the re-sult. It came, and quicker than he could ward, there shot from her throat a chunk of almost solid phlegm at least two inches long and having through it a passage no larger than a small lead pencil. After a few minof retching the little one lay quietly back and slept calmly and sweetly, and the next day was playing around the house with all her wonted vim. Dr. Leavitt remarked that it was a tough remedy, but said he would always carry tobacco hereafter, and he does.—Chicago Herald.

At Home, Sweet Home.

Bunker (at dinner table) -- Strangest thing happened, my love, today. I met Charlie Bunker-Charlie Blazer! Well, I never did! Johnny, take your elbows off the table. What did he have to say! More

at the door, and if it's a beggar, tell him no
to Portland, and be thinks he will—
Mrs. B.—Mercy on us! Kate, do be care-

Tom-Man with a ton of coal. Bunker-Must be a mistake; tell him to try next door. I told CharlieMra B.—Excuse me, dear. I bear Mra
Battles calling me over the back fence.

Battles calling me over the back fence. Bunker (with energy)—If I ever try to tell globes."
a story again I— (Chokes himself on his owned to the full the full)

IN DUTCH HOUSES.

THE WAR WHICH A PEASANT WO-MAN MAKES AGAINST DUST.

Interesting Study of a "Dutch Interior." How Laundry Work Is Done in Holland - Servants-A Strange Custom. Food and Cooking.

Had Lady Macbeth lived in Holland, that "damned spot" would have been out in five minutes. Nothing, not even it, could stand against a Dutch cleaning woman. She is irresistible. Look how she is armed. Glance at her weapons. Cloths and chamois, brooms and brushes, scrubbing brushes for the floors, hair brushes for the wainscots, feather brushes for the walls, tooth brushes for the corner, geese wings for the stoves, hens feathers for cleaning out the key holes, small sticks of wood for poking out any unhappy particle of dust which may have got into the cracks of the floor, white paste for the windows, red paste fer the hearth stones, emery for the steel, and several other pastes and polishes as the occasion may require. These are the implements a Dutch peasant woman uses to clean out her cottage home. Dust is her natural enemy, she is born into the world to fight it, it is her mission, and she does no ore than her mother and foremothers have done before her. No wonder that such a home training turns out an exceedingly high class of domestic servant; and yet, the Dutch mistress grumbles. Such is life.

A DUTCH INTERIOR. A "Dutch interior," from a housekeeper's as well as an artistic point of view, is a most mestic people in the world than the Dutch. it comes first. What would become of a dust is a subject for conjecture, and though I look upon my visit to Holland as part of the happiest time in my life, still my sincere capable at the best of discerning bright light prayer is that my Dutch friends may never only, discovers and chooses food in its subvisit me. I could never live up to their idea

Washing is not done weekly as in America, but allowed to accumulate for weeks, son times even longer, an unhealthy custom; but in this as in many other respects the Dutch can hardly be called a clean nation, from a perience goes to show that sight and hearing by gienic point of view. With them it is dust,

Often the undersorvants such as scullery maid, nurse maid, etc., do not sleep in the house. This gives more space and room for the family. These girls come in by the day, sleeping at their own homes at night. All servants in Holland dress extremely neatly, generally in lilac print dresses, white muslin

ars, and large white aprons.

The same dress is worn in the street as in the house. If the weather is cold, a shawl is thrown over the shoulders. They do a good deal of the household shopping. It must be indeed delightful for the Dutch mistress to have Botsey Jane all ready dressed to run her little errands, instead of having to wait an hour or more while Betsey Jane curls her "bang" and belecks herself with cheap finery. This a good arrangement for maid as well as mistress, for with the former it breaks the motony of the daily round, gives her a little blow of fresh air, besides the opportunity of a slight fliriation with the butcher's boy or the green grocer's assistant.

A HOUSEHOLD CUSTOM. A strange household custom in Holland is the custody of the "guest money" by the mistress. Each guest is, as in England, expected to fee the house servants. In Hol-land, this money is at once handed by the recipient to the lady of the house, who at certain seasons of the year such as Christmas and Easter, divides it equally among all her staff. Not a bad plan when one thinks it over, but father startling at first to the guest

for Dutch food. All food good in Holland, all cooking excellent, beef and mutton even better than in England vegetables in abundance. Butter is very od and plentiful and is used without stin but-everything is spoiled by being served cold. Rich dishes which would be most appotizing were they eaten piping bot, become repulsive, indigestible masses of grease when served from a cold dish on a stone cold indigestible plate. During the whole of my stay in Holand I never once saw a dish covered or a

Cakes are a specialty with the Dutch. Each town has one or more of its own, and it was interesting to trace the ancestry of of our American ones. Waffles mot me at a kermes at The Hague. The keekie. which is to be found all over Holland and is, in fact, the Dutch word for "little cake" is actually and etymologically the ancestor of the New England cookie. Doughnuts I met everywhere, though I cannot imagine from where they got their ugly name of "doughnut." In Holland they are called spritsen, and in French Canada, where they are a sort of national cake, they are known by the name of croquignoles, and sometimes beig-net, which latter name is simply the French for fritter. I imagine that in one way and another we owe a good deal of our cooking to Holland.—J. E. Brooks in Good House-

The Zulus are a war like race, and their recent record in the war with England showed them to have an instinctive knowledge of military tactics best suited to their arms and themselves. For ages they have held their own against the other tribes, and rose to their higher point of power under the rule of the terrible Tchaka.

In the native fights each man throws his assagais at his enemy, catching his opponent's on his shield, if possible, then throwing them back again. Tebaha had his soldiers' assagais cut nearly through at the base of the shaft, so that although still strong enough to kill a man, they would break if caught upon the shield or ground, or upon the man falling all the sound assagnis in the hands of his own men, who then rushed upon their fees stab-

bing them without mercy.

A curious fact is that over 2,900 years before Marius, the Roman, in his war with Cimbri, did very nearly the same thing. Their javelin, called plium, had the rivet farthest from the point removed and a wooden peg inserted just strong enough to carry it in its flight. Tchaka also invented the short or stabbing assagai, and introduced the trick of receiving the enemies' second fire, which exhausted their assagais, and then charging bome with their deadly short one. Bunker-Half cup. We talked about old He ruthlessly killed every man who was wounded in the back, or who failed to retain his spear and shield after the battle.-Wilf, P. Pond in Drake's Magaziwa.

The Druggist's Colored Jars. While a reporter was talking with an

uptown druggist the other evening a little fellow, clad in a blue suit, entered and ful. You nearly put out baby's eye with bought a postage stamp. After getting your finger. So glad to bear it. Did you the stamp he said: "Say, mister, what do you put in them big jars in the window!"

"Well, I am curious myself. What is the full recipel" said the reporter

"Those used by the better class of graggists," replied the druggist, "are, in reality, composed of mixtures of chemicals. ABOUT OLD WINES.

Some use bottles of colored glass filled with water, but these do not reflect the light from the gas jets as the chemicals do. For red, the most common of all, we GASTRONOMIC ART. mix lodine and iodide of potassium with water. Some add alcohol to prevent freezing. Blue is formed by a mixture of

The Mistaken Notion That Age Enriches of the Ancients-Pompeil's Wine Jan Flavoring and Drugging.

yellow coloring, and green is made by a mixture of the blue and yellow, or else from nickel dissolved in nitric acid. A pretty crimson color may be made by combining alkanet root and oil and nitric acid. Royal purple, one of the prettiest of the window colors, is made by dissolving logwood or cochineal in am-monia or sulphate of indige. Pink is nitrate of cobalt and sesquicarbonate of ammonia, and amber is formed of one part of dragon's blood and four of oil of vitriol, filtered and mixed with water. these colors may be made, and other shades produced, but those which I have named are the principal ones in use. The first thing a druggist closs on starting in ousiness is to buy the chemicals needed

Several years ago a man was run over by the cars here and had to have one of his legs amputated just below the thigh. THE REAL PACTS. Now, what are the real facts about wines The amputated leg was buried in the back yard, and, after he had recovered as old as the above? After fermer which is a process of decay, wine will deterifrom the anasthetic given him, he com-plained that his leg pained him, as it felt as though lying on its side, toeing in. He orate unless preventive measures are taken, such as keeping the wine in a cool or even aperature, the addition of alcohol, boiling kept complaining for several hours, till (the vinum cottum of the Romans and the some of the family, without the knowlvino cotto of modern Italians) and the com-plete exclusion of the ordinary atmosphere edge of the injured man, disinterred the limb and found it as he had said. They by good corks, by sealing wax or by oil. The most common method for preserving wine in modern times is by adding alcohol and by corking and sealing. The alcohol in wines prepared for England is often in such prothen turned it up so that it lay a little in-clined in the other direction, or slightly toeing out. Immediately he exclaimed: "That feels so much better." His wife was in his room at the time, and, not portions that the wine ceases to be anything like the juice of the grape, and too often is as strong as a glass of brandy and water. knowing what had been done, asked him what it was that felt better, and he replied: "Some one has changed my leg to In 1871 Mr. Rabello, the Brazilian consul

years old had shot himself through the right arm so badly that it was taken off at the shoulder. When he recovered his senses after the operation he complained that three of his fingers were bent over as if clasping a small egg An examination revealed the fact that when the arm was buried the three fingers referred to had become bent under the hand, and, upon their being straightened out, the boy immediately noticed it and remarked upon it. In both instances the patients were unaware of the fact that their requests were being complied with. Some interesting particulars respecting the German piano industry are given in Kuhlow's German Trade Review. Ger-man instruments to the value of 18,000,-000 marks are yearly exported, the total 000 to 36,000,000 marks, a sum which represents the price of about 70,000 to 72,000 Thus, only one-half of Ger-

WINES OF THE ANCIENTS. ble, yet, according to the assurances of various Berlin manufacturers, the in-dustry in Berlin has bardly suffered at all from the unfavorable influences, and the work people are all busily employed. The construction of grand pianes (Salon-flugel) has lately increased, the demand Of these some turn out more than 1,500 instruments (grand and cottage pianos) yearly, and employ from 300 to 400 operatives regularly. The work in itself is very difficult. A number of facat the time of the destruction, must tors must combine in order to produce anything perfect. Great accuracy and care when Fompeli was destroyed. But we m are indispensable qualities. The insertion of the sounding boards, the relation of cook up labels, and give fictitious nan the piano to the strings, the final touches, require vast technical knowledge.-New

> in general, they were, for the upper classes, much more artificial than in this present age of adulteration, because it was a fashion for centuries to mix wines, and to flavor and drug them to such an extent that we moderns would never drink them, and would not take them except as medicines. Not only were spices, fragrant roots, leaves and flow ers steeped in the wine, but myrrh, cassia nard and pepper were put in, and, as if even there were not enough, flour and grated goat's milk cheese were sprinkled over the wine just before drinking.—Home Journal.

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READ THE WEEKLY Wiehita . Eagle.

Col. Thayer, the latter the father of the scademy, as he is affectionately referred to, and whose life size statue stands at the southeast corner of the infantry plain and immediately in front of cadet barracks. It is the custom to bury cadets when they die in the last that the custom to bury cadets when they die in the Contains More State and Gen-eral News and Eastern Dispatches than any paper in the Southwest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

custom to bury cadets when they die in the institution in the pretty cemetry here and to give them full military honors. This is invariably done unless the family of the deceased cadet requests otherwise. The latter is rare, and as a consequence a large part of the cemetery is given up to students. These graves are generally marked in a modert manner by small stones erected by class-mates of the dead cadet. It is said here that, following the castom set by Gen. Windeld Scott, who asked to be interred here, future generals of the army are to lie here.—West Point Cor. Philadelphia Times. \$1.00

ONE OF THE DELUSIONS OF MODERN

Wine Illimitably-A Test Case-Wines

There is probably no greater delusion in the modern gastronomic art than the notion that age enriches wine illimitably. If a three or five year wine is better than the crude juice, the process must go on forever, and the wine of 500 years must be the verita-ble nectar of the gods. It is a myth of the poets. Wine is an organic product, and to every organic there is the immutable law of growth and decay, life and death. There is no exemption. Dosing with foreign sub-stance, fortification with brandles and alcohol, care of temperature and other devices may stave off the fatal decline, but for only a little. An item is going the rounds of the press that the wines of the late king of Bavaria, some of them a century old, have been bought by English speculators at enormous prices to resell to English gournets. Upon this remarks a writer in The Paris Register: What the item says about the wines of the excellent vintages from 1823 to 1884 is doubt-less true, and possibly it may be true of the Johannisberg of 1611, but I have no hesita-tion in doubting if there is any truth or goodwhatever in the vintages of 1540, 1640

at Oporto, made me a present of several bottles of port wine of the vintage of 1783. Mr. Rabello had heard of the breaking up of an old Portuguese family where, from father to son, a certain number of bottles of famou vintages had been handed down. I sent several of these aged wines to the late William Cullen Bryant, remarking that the bottle of 1793 was, according to the encyclopædia, of his own age; but the post, in acknowledg-ing the reception of the wine, stated that it was his senior, and that he should look up to it with reverence. When I came to open my bottle of 1733, I found it (which once had the dark red of port) about the color of water, and the most insipid stuff. Up to the beginning of this century it was not the custom in any part of Europe to put a lot of flery alcohol into any kind of wine, and when they did add spirit to port wine it was a little of that which had been distilled from port. This 1793 wine had probably been thus treated, but with all the scaling wax, and a once good cork, the beverage was as un vinous and tasteless as if it had been water dipped up from a pend and bottled. There-fore, I doubt if the Bavarian wines, so seculously advertised in England as those of 1540, 1640 and 1731 have any virtue in them, even if they be genuine wines of those dates

The ancients, having no distilled spirits, were wanting in one of the great remedies which prevent wines from decaying, or turn-ing to vinegar. Homer represents old Nes-tor, in the "Odyssey," drinking ten-year-old wine. Athenaeus incidentally mentions a wine kept sixteen years; but, in the days of the empire, connoisseurs considered Greek wine a perfection when six years old. Horace tells his friends, when they come to see him, that he will give them "three-year-old" wine. But the ancients evidently did keep wine, either by boiling, or by very tight corking and putting plaster upon the corks, burying it, for twenty and thirty years. There is one wine jar (amphora) in the museum in situ at Pompeii, which, if the label is to be believed, and if wine was in it been over forty years old in the year 79 A.D., remember that ancient wine dealers could just as well as the modern descendants of

As to the wines of the ancients, I believe,

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